

The University of Alberta Department of Music presents:

ELAINE VOOYS-MYHRE

CANDIDATE FOR THE MASTER OF MUSIC DEGREE
IN CHORAL CONDUCTING



UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA
GRADUATE RECITAL
CHOIR AND ORCHESTRA

Wednesday, February 4, 2009 at 8:00 pm
Convocation Hall, Arts Building, University of Alberta



DEPARTMENT OF
MUSIC
UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

PROGRAM

Justorum Animae
Orlando Lassus
(1532-1594)

Beatus Vir
Claudio Monteverdi
(1567-1643)

Der Herr denket an uns, BWV 196
Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685-1750)

- I. Sinfonia
- II. Coro – *Der Herr denket an uns*
- III. Aria - *Er segnet, die den Herrn fürchten* - Rebecca Claborn, alto
- IV. Duetto - *Der Herr segne euch je mehr und mehr* - John Huck, tenor
Jacques Arsenault, bass
- V. Coro – *Ihr seid die Gesegneten des Herrn*

Intermission

Eulogies
John Estacio
(b. 1966)

1. Raymond's Disappearance
C D Saint, tenor
Abra Whitney, alto
Mary-Ellen Rayner, soprano
Jacques Arsenault, bass
4. Ella Sunlight
Sarah Toane, soprano

Calme des Nuits, Op. 68, No. 1
Les Fleurs et les Arbres, Op. 68, No. 2
Camille Saint-Saëns
(1835-1921)

Vier Quartette, Op. 92
Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

1. O Schöne Nacht
2. Spätherbst
3. Abendlied
4. Warum?

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Master of Music degree for Elaine Vooyo-Myhre.

Ms Vooyo-Myhre is a recipient of a Graduate Research Assistantship, a Beryl Barnes Memorial Graduate Award, a John and Logie Drew Graduate Scholarship, a Sarah Martin Gouin Family Graduate Travel Scholarship in Music, a Graduate Teaching Assistantship, a Swiss Ethnic Music Association Bursary and a Social Sciences and Humanities Research Council of Canada Master's Scholarship.

Texts and Translations

Justorum Animae – Lassus

Wisdom 3:1-2a,3b

Justorum animae in manu Dei sunt,
et non tanget illos tormentum mortis.
Visi sunt oculis insipientium mori,
illi autem sunt in pace.

The souls of the righteous are in the hands
of God,
and the pain of death shall not touch them.
In the eyes of the foolish they seem to die,
but they are at peace.

Beatus Vir – Monteverdi

Text: Psalm 112: 1-10

Beatus vir qui timet Dominum,
in mandatis ejus volet nimis.
Potens in terra erit semen ejus,
generatio rectorum benedicetur.
Gloria et divitiæ in domo ejus,
et justitia ejus manet in sæculum sæculi.
Exortum est in tenebris lumen rectis,
misericors, et miserator, et justus.
Jucundus homo, qui miseretur et commodat,
disponet sermones suos in judicio.
Quia in æternum non commovebitur.
In memoria æterna erit justus,
ab auditione mala non timebit.
Paratum cor ejus, sperare in Domino.
Confirmatum est cor ejus;
Non commovebitur
donec despiciat inimicos suos.
Dispersit, dedit pauperibus,
justitia ejus manet in sæculum sæculi.
Cornu ejus exaltabitur in gloria.
Peccator videbit, et irascetur,
dentibus suis, fremet et tabescet:
desiderium peccatorum peribit.

Blessed is the man who fears the Lord,
Who delights in his commandments.
His seed shall be mighty upon the earth;
the generation of the righteous shall be
blessed.
Glory and prosperity shall be in his house;
and his justice endures from generation to
generation.
A light has risen in the darkness for the
upright,
one who is merciful, compassionate, and just.
Happy is the man who sympathizes and
shares,
who chooses his words with discretion.
Because he will not be troubled for eternity;
the just man shall be in everlasting
remembrance.
He shall not fear evil tidings;
his heart is ready to hope in the Lord.
His heart is strengthened;
he shall not be shaken until he looks down
upon his enemies.
He disperses, he gives to the poor;
his justice endures from generation to
generation.
His horn shall be exalted with honor.
The wicked will see, and be angered;
he will gnash with his teeth, and waste away.
The desire of the wicked shall perish.

Gloria patri, et filio, et Spiritui Sancto,
Sicut erat in principio, et nunc et semper,
et in saecula saeculorum, Amen.

Glory to the Father and to the Son and to the
Holy Spirit, As it was in the beginning, both
now and always, and to the ages of ages.
Amen.

Der Herr denket an uns, BWV 196 – Bach

- | | | |
|------|---|--|
| II. | Der Herr denket an uns, und segnet uns. Er segnet das Haus Israel, er segnet das Haus Aaron. | The Lord cares for us and blesses us. He blesses the house Israel, he blesses the house of Aaron. |
| III. | Er segnet, die den Herrn fürchten, beide, Kleine und Große. | He blesses those who fear the Lord, both small and great. |
| IV. | Der Herr segne euch je mehr und mehr, euch und eure Kinder. | The Lord bless you more and more, you and your children. |
| V. | Ihr seid die Gesegneten des Herrn, der Himmel und Erde gemacht hat. Amen. | You are blessed by the Lord who made heaven and earth. Amen. |

Raymond's Disappearance – Estacio

(Val Brandt)

I've lost Raymond.

He's not in his room.

I've looked in the garden and
heaven knows where he is if he's not in his garden.

I heard a wild laugh in the bathroom
but when I got there all that was left
were some expensive bubbles.

[I checked the markets:

no one had bought kumquats in days.]

I looked under [more than one] ridiculous hat
and unrolled [more than one] bolt of pure silk.

I shook out his caftan but it [just] fell to the floor.

Empty.

And god knows he wasn't in the closet.

They've lost Raymond.

A hundred friends have looked for Raymond
searched a thousand places
and all they've found is more friends.

He's not in any of the places
that are not the same without him.

They swore they saw him dancing a minute ago
but when they turned around
the music had stopped
and he'd rushed out
touching everyone on his way by.

Raymond's Disappearance (cont'd)

We've lost Raymond.

Where can we look next?

Damn that man, how dare he go and leave us?

If you loved him, like we loved him

I know you'd be searching with us;

[You'd be combing the beaches,]

haunting the streets

calling his name

demanding an answer

[Where is Raymond, I've lost Raymond.

Where'd he go to, where is Raymond.

Check the market, check his garden,

where'd he go to where is Raymond.

They've lost Raymond we've lost Raymond,

where's he hiding, where'd he go to,

check the dance floor, check the market,

where is Raymond, dearest Raymond.

I've lost Raymond, we've lost Raymond,

Check his room, and check his garden,

where's he hiding, where'd he go to,

where's my Raymond, dearest Raymond,

Where is Raymond, I've lost Raymond.

They've lost Raymond

and we are demanding an answer and]

on the verge of tears

hoping against hope.

He's not in his room.

I've looked in the garden, and

Heaven knows where he is if he's not in his garden.

Ella Sunlight – Estacio

(Val Brandt)

Ella sunlight. Ella sky.

Ella water. Ella air.

[Ella movement. Ella life.]

Ella music. Ella dance.

Ella wonder. Ella joy.

[Ella sunlight, Ella sky,

Ella water, Ella air.

Ella life, Ella sky,

Ella dance, Ella joy.]

Why, after I taught you all your colours
would you paint everything gray?

Why, just when you were learning to run
would the whole world come to a halt?

Why, after you tumbled with fairies
and stumbled with elves
and fell into a giggle
that filled every corner of my soul
would you take away my faith my whimsy
my god?

(Pie Jesu Domine,
Dona eis requiem.)

[Ella sunlight. Ella sky.

Ella water. Ella air.]

Were you sent here just to say goodbye?

Ella whisper. Ella sigh.

Ella shimmer. Ella hush.

Ella why.

Calme des Nuits – Saint Saëns

(Anon.)

Calme des nuits, fraîcheur des soirs,
Vaste scintillement des mondes,
Grand silence des antres noirs
Vous charmez les âmes profondes.
L'éclat du soleil, la gaité,
Le bruit plaisent aux plus futiles;
Le poète seul est hanté
Par l'amour des choses tranquilles.

Calm of night, freshness of evening,
Vast shimmering of the world,
Grand silence of black vaults
You charm the thoughtful souls.
The brilliance of the sun, merriment,
And clamour delight the futile.
The poet alone is inspired
by a love for tranquility.

Les Fleurs et les Arbres – Saint Saëns

(Anon.)

Les fleurs et les arbres,
Les bronzes, les marbres,
Les ors, les émaux,
La mer, les fontaines,
Les monts et les plaines
Consolent nos maux.

The flowers and the trees,
The bronzes, the marbles,
The golds, the enamels,
The sea, the fountains,
The mountains and the plains
Console our sorrows.

Nature éternelle
Tu sembles plus belle
Au sein des douleurs!
Et l'art nous domine,
Sa flamme illumine
Le rire et les pleurs.

Nature eternal
you seem more beautiful
in the midst of pain!
And art rules over us,
Its flame illuminates
Our laughter and our tears.

Vier Quartette, op. 92 – Brahms

1. O Schöne Nacht

(Georg Friedrich Daumer)

O schöne Nacht!
Am Himmel märchenhaft erglänzt der Mond
in seiner ganzen Pracht;
um ihn der kleinen Sterne
liebliche Genossenschaft.

O schöne Nacht!
Es schimmert hell der Tau am grünen Halm;
mit Macht im Fliederbusche
schlägt die Nachtigall.
Der Knabe schleicht zu seiner Liebsten sacht.
O schöne Nacht!

O lovely night!
In the sky, magically, the moon shines
in all its splendour;
around it is the pleasant company
of little stars.

O lovely night!
Dew glistens brightly on green stems;
in the lilac bush
the nightingale sings lustily.
The youth steals away quietly to his love.
O lovely night!

Translation by Ron Jeffers

2. Spätherbst

(Hermann Allmers)

Der graue Nebel tropft so still
herab auf Feld und Wald und Heide,
als ob der Himmel weinen will
in übergroßem Leide.

Die Blumen wollen nicht mehr blühn,
die Vöglein schweigen in den Hainen,
es starb sogar das letzte Grün,
da mag er auch wohl weinen.

The grey mist drips so silently
down on field and forest and heath,
as if the heavens wished to weep
in overwhelming grief.

The flowers will bloom no more;
the little birds are silent in the groves.
Even the last green is dead,
thus the heavens may well weep.

Translation by Ron Jeffers

3. Abendlied

(Friedrich Hebbel)

Friedlich bekämpfen
Nacht sich und Tag,
wie das zu dämpfen,
wie das zu lösen vermag!

Der mich bedrückte,
schläfst du schon, Schmerz?
Was mich beglückte,
Sage, was war's doch, mein Herz?

Freude wie Kummer,
fühl ich, zerrann,
aber den Schlummer
führten sie leise heran.

Und im Entschweben,
immer empor,
kommt mir das Leben
ganz wie ein Schlummerlied vor.

In peaceful opposition
night struggles with the day.
What ability it has to soften,
what ability it has to relieve!

Sorrow that oppresses me,
are you already asleep?
That which made me happy,
say, my heart, what was it then?

Joy, like grief,
I feel, melts away;
but they bring me slumber
as they fade away.

And in the vanishing,
ever upward,
my entire life passes before me,
like a lullaby.

Translation by Ron Jeffers

4. Warum?

(Johann Wolfgang von Goethe)

Warum doch erschallen
himmelwärts die Lieder?
Zögen gerne nieder Sterne,
die droben blinken und wallen,
zögen sich Lunas lieblich Umarmen,
zögen die warmen, wonnigen Tage
seliger Götter gern uns herab!

Why then do songs
resound heavenward?
They would gladly lure down the stars,
which gleam and wander above;
they would entice Luna's lovely embraces,
and invoke the warm blissful days
of blessed gods, gladly would they do this!

Translation by Emily Ezust

Graduate Recital Choir

Soprano

Andi Eng
Amy Gartner
Melanie Marlin
Meghan Rayment
Mary-Ellen Rayner
Shelley Roth
Sarah Toane

Alto

Isabelle Gallant
Ruth Brodersen
Maria Conkey
Lana Cuthbertson
Susan Farrell
Jessica Foshaug
Karen Vooys
Abra Whitney

Tenor

Christopher Anderson
Adam Ferland
John Huck
Justin Jalea
Douglas Laver
C D Saint
Sten Thomson

Bass

Jacques Arseneault
Matthew Blimke
Christopher Giffen
Kurt Illerbrun
Damon MacLeod
Anthony Wynne

Graduate Recital Orchestra

Violin I

Deborah Chang
Amy Kao, concert master
Emilie-Anne Neeland

Violin II

Amanda Alstad
Alexandra Campbell
Marie Krejcar

Viola

Connie Dykstra
Julia Hui

Cello

Julian Savaryn
Kathleen de Caen

Bass

Roxanne Nesbitt

Piano

Denis Arseneau

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